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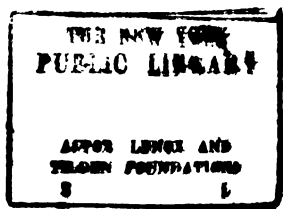
POEMS:

BY

ELLEN RUSSELL EMERSON.



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Dedication.

WITH REVERENTIAL LOVE

THESE POEMS

ARE OFFERED TO

MY MOTHER.

Seven tables 11/27/03

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POEMS.

THE TRYSTING TREE.

I.

Now up, my hearties, with your axes,"

Quoth farmer Ross, "and down with the tree!"

And with a blow he sent a shiver

All through and through the kingly tree.

And then there followed blow on blow,

With even and successive stroke

From axes keen, by sturdy sons

Of farmer Ross of Glenmore Brook.

And how the shivering branches cringed!

Alas, 'twas like a human thing—

Quivering, the leaves all trembling shook

As the nerves of a stabbed and dying king.

Through all the storms, one hundred years,

All steadfast, with a sovereign grace,

Hath stood this monarch of the trees,

As Cæsar 'mong the Roman race;

And one sweet robin here had built
Her nest, just to her robin taste,
For all of three successive springs,
Nor never by a foe been traced ;

And sometimes a vagrant sheltered him
From noontide heat beneath the shade,
The while he took his beggar's meal,
And thanked the Lord he had no trade.

He loves the sun, and air, and rain,
And takes them right from Nature's hand,
And hates the sight of work or pain,
But cordially feels he owns the land !

" Now stand aside, my boys," then cried
The farmer Ross, " its heart's laid bare ;"
" One blow more, one, and then it falls,"
They cried,—the blow was struck with care,—

Down went the tree, prone and headlong ;
Afar off stood pale Agatha Ross
With dreadful eyes that looked at them
As if her soul was crushed on a cross.

And then her anguished heart outspoke,
 " 'Tis thus the world hath dealt with me,
Exposed my heart to cutting blows,
 And felled my name as the Trysting Tree."

II.

Beneath the Tree the lovers stood,
 His soul lay calm within his eyes
And looked, with that diviner faith,
 His sorrow down by glance that flies
To-day, and swift-paced the morrow seeks;
 While she her face uplifted
To his, as there her soul found place,
 As a boat into its harbor drifted.
" My Agatha, I will never doubt
 Thee, never, never, Agatha ;
Our God will bring me back again,
 Why should he not, my Agatha ?"
" And I in God will have my trust,
 And faith in Him doth give us faith
In all the world ; 'tis woman's way
 To weep," she said, " when war is rife,

Though her undaunted soul is big
With sacrifice;—My heart shall plead
An angel there protecting thee,
Through all the battle's direst need."

They parted,—then the heavens sealed
Before her dark despairing sight;
She saw the red fiend of smoking War
Lie crouched within the silent night.

She felt his brimstone breath, and gasped
As though her soul was thrown in hell;
She saw her lover's mangled form,
And felt his struggles as he fell;

She saw the bristling tide of battle
Thick-wedged with bayonets and men,
Where man at man with desperate face
Did glare as lion from its den.

All horrors grappled with her soul;
With blood-thirst earth did seem to yawn
Where Satan, smouldering in his ruins,
Down cast his eyes in seemly scorn;

The stars seemed set adrift in the sky
And rushed amid the driving clouds,
Th' mad moon did stare and stare at her
At every rent ;—she shrieked aloud.

A friend then came unto her need,
And led her soul's despair to God,—
“ For Liberty and sovereign Right
May not even he lie 'neath the sod ?”

III.

Away up the mountains sunlight climbed
With swiftening pace, and Spring looked sweet
Unutterable things in the eyes
Of Summer, while a singing fleet

Of birds came up the North, and songs
Were tossed in careless roundelays
Along the air, and Glenmore Brook
High leaped and laughed and glanced, in ways

The winsome Spring unwitting taught,
And flung its dancing beauty down
The craggy clefts of creviced rocks,
A-chuckling like a very clown.

And Agatha, with a filial love,
Her heart to God's low listening ear
Did press with all its prayerful thought;
While perfect love outcasts her fear.

To the heart of God there is a gate,
And ever as anon some soul
Doth come and plead an entrance there,
From opening gate there's swiftly stole

A hurried vision, sweet and rare,
Of winging angel gone before;
And touch that gate with humble prayer
Wide-flung it stands forever more.

The Trysting Tree now often saw
The friend and Agatha 'neath its shade,
She, in her humble gratitude,
To him a silent reverence paid;

Believing him her truest friend,
Who kept her once from grief's despair,
She, in her woman's haste of thought
Enthroned him in a monarch's chair;

For grateful hearts will eager paint
Diviner life in noble air,
See a pictured saint in prayerful thought,
And dream not other thoughts are there.

And much they talked of absent love,
For in her unsuspecting heart
She told him all she thought and dreamed;
He listened with a silent art

Till he had read her heart all through;—
“I know your lover well,” he said
One day, “he’s like all other men,
And love of woman’s half his goal;

So should it be with men of war,
Whose scarlet hands have scarcely grace
To touch a woman’s sacred palm,
Or toy an infant’s dimpled face.”

“You talk as though a nation’s throes
Will leave a foul and bloody stain
Upon her brave deliverer’s
Brave hands, and as by a galley chain,

They'll halt for that from woman's love !”

“Nay, be not wroth, dear Agatha,
I spoke with little previous thought,
Much more from feeling ;—Agatha—

I'm mad, but I must speak it out ;
If thy war lover would but give
His right to me but for an hour,
One little hour, I'd for him live.”

“You say this dreadful thing to me !”
And all the woman straight from out
Her eyes looked innocence at him,
Her virgin heart the covered scout

Had recognized, and down the beast
Did slink upon its slime, and hid
Its head within his blackening heart,
And snail-like therein cowering hid ;

While shame, alone, now looked askance,
Abject in his averted eyes ;
And then, before his shirking gaze,
He sees a deadened branch and sighs ;

It hangs upon the Trysting Tree,
The branch that's dead to all the years,'
The Spring shall come and wed, thought he,
The flushing Summer's sweet-briar rose,

And ripening Autumn's generous hand
The Summer's eyes will sometime close,
And Winter, pulseless 'neath his moons,
Entomb the Autumn in its snows.

But this shall be a sight to flee,
Forever blackening in the sun;
Like this there hangs upon my heart
A dream, by fierce desire outdone.

He sighed, and for repentance then
Did Agatha take his altered mein;—
“You spoke in haste, and I in haste
Did sharply answer you, I ween.”

Her wiser intuitions stood
Aside, for Pity opened a door
Upon her heart and laid his sigh
Within beside the other store

Of grateful memories, and then

She said, "this'll be as ne'er had been."

He took her hand and nothing spoke,

Though hopes revived grew fierce within.

And slowly up its olden pathway

The yellow August moon had sailed,

As gentle, calm, and silent ever,

As mother's love that never failed ;

They lingered while the hour had deepened

To night, whose solemn train now turned

Along the sky, and silent worship

Like eastern incense prayerful burned

Within sad Agatha's sad eyes ;

"What see you in those sparklets there ?

They're shining dust, Time sprinkled in air,

Naught else, at which we mortals stare,"

He said, for in the jealousy

Of floundering passion's fierce despair,

He hated the very sky that held

Her gaze, he even cursed the air

As human thing that touched her cheek ;
She turned to him, " they're made by God,
And He doth sit behind the wheel
Of Time, and hurls these stars abroad."

This said, and then, " good night, my friend."
He looked and guessed at once her thought,
'Twas gently said, " good night, my friend."
He said farewell—he knew her thought.

IV.

The days flew by amid the news
Of victories gained, defeats sustained ;
And now and then her hero stood
Encrowned by all, till wonder waned ;
But in sweet Agatha's love embalmed
All his brave deeds eternal were,
As Mary, sacred in her heart
She kept these things and thought them o'er.
Oh, who can count the broken hearts
That bleed and bleed until they die !
Oh, foul the hand that lit the brand
Of war at the torch of Liberty !

Dark, dark with stagnant hopes there sit
In judgment o'er him wan-eyed women;
"What hast thou done with all our sons?
Where buried thou my husband, man?"

They cry, and o'er the fireside ashes
They cower alone with muttering tongue
As one gone mad; Oh, foul the hand
Hath curses from these women wrung!

But Agatha held a cross to her heart,
And kept her grief from out her eyes
Through all those days, and her quick hands
To every useful work she plies.

When lynx-eyed envy sent a shaft
And bid it rankle in her breast;
A gossip said she'd "found new love,
And sure new love was always best."

And quick on this a missive came,—
"You have another lover now,
And Agatha, be thou true to him—
Remember 'tis a sacred vow."

She looked up from the missive read
As if she'd had a sudden blow
And thought to see from whence it came,
And shivered as o'er blown with snow ;

Then looking forth from the Trysting Tree,—
“ Such love as mine can well afford
To wait,” she said, “ the sky I can see,
I'll bide this lunge of his brave sword,

For God is still behind the sky ; ”
Then to her household duties went.
The sword had found within her soul
Resistant truth and backward bent.

Her friend came now to comfort her,
For so he said ; She looked at him,
He smiled unblenching daring eyes,—
“ And where,” she asked, “ is the deadened limb ? ”

Still close to the listening ear of God
She laid her heart ; He heard its throbs
And raised her soul to a nearer gaze
Of Him whose grace made still her sobs ;

She questioned not her sorrow's source,
But bravely thrust it through and through
With deeds, that stricken women find
Will hide the breach where suffering grew.

But once her anguished heart outspoke,—
“’Tis thus the world hath dealt with me,
Exposed my heart to cutting blows
And felled my name as the Trysting Tree.”

Stout farmer Ross was provident,
He said the tree his meadow drained,
His niece must find her trysting place
At fireside, for the Autumn waned.

V.

With a fleecy blanket of white snow
The Winter came, and all the young
And tender things with care tucked in,
Then piped his songs with loudest lung.

And farmer Ross to fireside cheer
Betakes him with his pipe and beer;
Though rough and crude, his heart was gold,
From friend or foe he'd naught to fear.

"A peace and good will, ay, to all!"

He said, and never grudged a peck
Of meal to any that had need;

His promised word was honored check;

A man upright, he ruled his sons

As Agatha ruled her silent heart;

His wife an ancient deference paid,

And called him "father," as her lord.

With all the noble dignity

Of high-wrought souls in suffering,

Did Agatha hold her grief aloof,

On these true hearts kept in waiting;

She aimed at the goal of all that's true,

And found her loftiest sentiments

Through Him who died upon the Cross

And to the Earth a pardon sent;

Refined and purged by His rebukes,

Her soul stood out, like yonder star

Complete and fixed beyond remove,

Its orbit, home, where duties are;

Absorbed in holy thoughts there seemed
Transfigured in her darkening eyes
Her human glory, for there all calm
A hope at anchor lay as in a sky ;

While still the household saw no change ;
So oft we lightly entertain
An angel unawares, scarce prized
As others in our muddy brain.

But " God was still behind the skies,"
As stricken Agatha once had said,
And He anoints the aiming spear
Of grief, and blesses the bowing head.

VI.

All worn and wounded, sore and weak,
One night a soldier knocked and asked
Of farmer Ross a little warmth,
And bread, " his strength was greatly tasked,"
He said, " he'd lost his way in the storm ;"
The farmer drew him in with eager arm ;
" You're welcome, man," he loudly cried,
" The wind doth smite like sinewed palm ;

Ha, you have lost both foot and hand !”

But Agatha looked and saw much more,
And straight to him she went and round
Him twined her arms while weeping sore ;

It was a lightning blasted tree
By clinging ivy twined ; but when
She felt the scalding tears that fell
From his scorched eyes, she stood again,—

“ You doubted me, my Ralph,” she said ;
“ I did, but ah, I’ve loved thee sore,
And now—I am a shattered trunk
Thou shalt not—” “ Hush, no more, no more,”

She cried, “ these feet, these hands are thine,
And thou shalt never feel thy loss,
Enough to know thy heart is mine,
’Twas doubt of that hath made my cross.”

And patient love through all his years
Laid wait for every wish and thought ;
And often he would smiling say,
“ My wife hath magic somewhere caught,

She sees my wish before my thought
Expression's found ;" and then, as a tear
Unwept would drown the quivering smile,
" Her perfect love outcasts my fear.

I know her God's behind the skies,
And doubt shall never reach my soul
To touch its manhood, though my form
Is shorn and lopped of every grace."

Up the heaven's dizzy steep
The dipping crescent's climbing ;
And the stars sly outward peep
As silver bells in chiming ;
In their tents' uplifted door,
We see them all a-swinging,
Sun-blind things forevermore,
That God hath put a-ringing
Within the heart of night.

Silent joys have filled the flowers,
With folded petals dreaming ;
Brooks that sing of Eden's bowers,
With face of heaven in seeming,—
Thread the earth with soul of song ;
And birds, in nests a-sleeping,
Sudden sing, when th' insect throng,
In fright from nooks a-peeping,
Buzz up, then sleep again.

Till the noon of night we sit
 So rapt in joys of being,
That our thoughts have wings to flit
 From heart to heart, nor wearying,
As fire-flies from wood to wood ;
 And now and then only
There doth come a word, though rude
 To break the calm unlonely,
 Yet, sweet in the hush of things.

With this hand o'erclasping mine,
 What thinkest thou, my darling ?
Love, love, love, we drink thy wine,
 For thou art seraph's starling,
And doth hold the goblet high;
 And while we're slowly quaffing,
Ev'ry bubble meets our eye
 Doth break in fairy laughing ;
 'Tis love that loves its own.

LINNET.

Oh, linnet brown, thou hast a song,
And so have I, so have I;
And what is it you say in your song?
Ah, what is it, what is it?

Oh, linnet brown, you look askance,
With your eye and so do I,
And there's a sparkle in your glance
Ah, what is it, what is it?

You peer and peer so very wise,
Perchance you know, do you know?
I've won a little, little prize,
And what is it, what is it?

You peer and peer from out that leaf,
Just as if, just as if
You had one too, in my sly belief,
But where is it, where is it?

Ah, linnet brown I know thy song,
I'll whisper it, whisper it,
" My love, love, love, we sit in the sun
My nest-bird and I, and I.

We preen our feathers, I sing the song,
But whisper it, whisper it,
We've built a nest and that's in my song,
Where is it, where is it ? "

ONE SUMMER DAY.

Here and there a cloud is floating,
White and fair as a nun in prayer,
And love, the sun is shining,
Beaming gentle mirth
O'er the proud old earth ;

And my soul is full of dreaming,
Come thou forth in the sunny air,
And watch the waters gleaming
By the pebbly shore,
Sings it this — never more ?

Ah, my heart is full of singing,
That "no-more" this summer day,
And in my ears it's ringing,
For the sad "no-more"
Hath unforgotten lore.

Come thou forth to me, my dearest,
I must read thy thoughts anew ;
The loveless are the unblest,
Frosts transfix their grief,
Like a wreck on a reef.

Didst thou know thy eyes are censers,
Like sweet blossoms filled with dew,
They're incense' bright dispensers ;
And in their depths I see
Thou hast imaged me ;

Close within thy heart, I know,
My own heart in silence lieth,
Art thou glad to have it so ?
Say, sweet, yes or no ?
Ay, shake your head so.

See that drowsy cloud that's sleeping
On yon steep green-sided hill,
It's a vapor slowly creeping
Sky ward, like the soul
Instinct with its goal ;

I remember in my childhood
Climbing up this rugged hill
When hunting berries,—a wild wood
Girdles the southern side
Where the berries hide.

There was then a quaint old ruin,
Of a blacksmith's blackened forge ;
A few burned bricks were strewing
Round about the ledge,
And a broken wedge ;

This, my granddame said, was older
By six years than she, who was
Near ninety-four, and there doth moulder,
In the grave the hand
That the furnace fanned ;

Many a year she's lived to the westward
Of this hill, by the people called
"Cape Cod," and there an orchard
Blossoms all the spring,
And the robins sing.

There the spring comes warm with showers,
Trickling through the spreading leaves,
And parts the opening buds to flowers,
Tickling the grass-pricked turf
Till it swells with mirth.

Many's the time when we together,
Sister Annie and I've been
O'er the hill, in summer weather,
Gathering the first-born flowers
Of the sunny hours.

Childhood's the soul's first gala-day,
For it hath some on this earth,
Is it not so, little fay?
And they glide apace,
Sweet in mirth or peace.

But thou, vast humanity,
Once alit with Eden's suns,
Whence comes this insanity,
Bids for e'er destroy
Innocence' first joy?

Long it doth seem since there's been
Strong-armed saints with oaken souls,
To hurl a truth from God to men ;
Yet there are stars, God-lit,
Fixed in the soul's orbit.

Matter hath its revolutions,
Spring to summer glides, and fall
Doth usher winter, while progression
Moves the human soul,
Trends it to its goal.

Oft, when molten sunlight surged upward,
Through the summer's sunny blue,
As 't doth to-day, while skyward
Every bird seemed to turn
Singing loud in the sun,—

I have passed down through this pathway,
Now, my beloved, walked with you ;
But I see the sun is half way
Up the sky, we'll find
Shade in that path behind ;

Let us walk 'neath these birches ;
See, how deftly ariel sunbeams
Are nestling, like winged fire-flies,
In the yellow flowers,
Bloomed in yesterday's showers.

And the busy rays now swiftly enter
Every bud's unconscious heart,
And paint to the petal's center,
All the blushing roses
E'er a flower uncloses.

While the butter-cups toss golden heads,
Consequential bees alight,
Upon the downy saffron beds
Of the dandelion,
Fit for kings to lie on ;

There, a lazy butterfly,
Like a thing adrift from Eden,
While saucy insect's flutter fly
In a busy throng,
Slowly sails along.

Sit thee down here, my dearest,
And I'll tell thee what is sad
And what is sweet and nearest
To my heart to-day ;
Now, sweet, look this way.

Once, I had a friend, belov'd,
Tender, and as true as thou,
And many common joys we had ;
Seven years ran swiftly by,
Naught had marred the friendly tie.

Then came death and laid her sleeping
In a dreamless grave, her soul
Had plumed itself in the dawn, sweeping,
Like distance hidden star,
From our sight where angel's are.

And to-day I seemed to see her,
Regal, and yet so loving too,
And sorrowing, "why did she sorrow ?"
She had grief, love, as mayst thou
Dearest, never, never know ;

Thou dost weep ? believe me, darling,
Love like hers was sweet, but thine !
Ah, mine own, thou art my starling ;
Sometime, love, thou'lt be my wife,
As thou art my soul and life ?

Sometime, in the autumn, may be ?
When the flushing maple flares
Its sunburned plumes in the sunset ;
Shining flames then'll sit in crowds
In the heart of all the clouds.

Ah, in the autumn, in the fruit-time !
All the fruit of waiting hopes,
Will ripen in their first prime ;
But our love'll be blossoming,
Crocus-like, in fall or spring.

And we'll go where dreams of beauty
With bright-colored visions fill
Their golden goblets, while our duty
Shall but lie in state,
Care and strife shall wait.

While we play at paradise,
 Dream that sin had ne'er been born,
Seeing life with Adam's eyes,
 With our thoughts adrowse
 In the summery sweets.

There's a breezy bay, where green-grown,
 Islets lie in a silent sea,
Of sunlight, and the banks are strewn,
 In the autumn-time,
 With red columbine.

Shall we go there, my beloved ?
 Is it thy heart that gives consent,
And blushes in thy cheek, beloved,
 Like the anemone
 Blushing the sun to see ?

But the noon tide's gone long ago,
 Yonder cloud embosoms swift
The crimson sunset, and lo,
 In the east a star
 Looks down where we are !

Love, go in from these damp, dewy airs,
 May sweet dreams come to thy sleep,
And love, amid thy prayers
 Speak of one thou knowest,
 Yet, before thou goest,

Promise, here to meet me, darling,
 Here, in the morning, wilt thou not?
Come when the birds are a tip-toe,
 For the break of day
 Nor o'ersleep, I pray.

Now good-night, love, good-night to thee,
 I have dreamed a sunny dream
This day, hast thou been happy?
 Ah, good-night to thee
 God bless thee, and me.

MT. AUBURN.

An hill whose sides are broken with dent,
And hollow, marked by gravelled paths,
And pierced with many a sculptured shaft;
While gleaming in their hollowed cups,
Like dimples in a shoulder, small lakes
Lie still and calm as the human eye
When the soul's a dream of things gone by;
An hill that clasps within its heart.
Still forms of many weary dead,
Weary, way-worn dead.

The hands of God and man are linked
When human art and nature wed;
And brains that he hath made are stamped
With many a line run parallel
With plans of a diviner mould;
And here, where the mortal garment lies

And shred by shred returns to dust,
The feebler skill perpetuates
The form which He more perfect made,
While earth claims its own.

Thrust off thy sandals, 'tis God's own,
This hill, o'er wrought with its bass relief
Of graves, and here the anguished lip
May move in broken tremulous prayer ;
Here, where white figures stand transfixed
In marble, the soul's eternal hope
Finds utterance while heaven seems near,
These tombstones shall be rolled away,
For Jesus Christ hath died and lives,
Lives forever more !

HAST THOU BUT ONE BLESSING?

Hast thou but one blessing, my Father?
Shall my spirit lose its birthright?

Between the vistaed star-way,
An angel troop is coming,
And goodly gifts they're bearing,
For thou art ever blessing;
Bless me, even me also, oh my Father!

In my soul I feel eternal hope,
Waiting like a silent lute to sing,
Far looking, poised expectancy,
Her wing half opens soaringly,
And ever looking upward
Awaits thy promised day-spring;
Art thou now approaching, oh my Father?

Hast Thou but one blessing, oh my Father ?

See, I bow my soul before Thy throne,

Its wings are stained and broken,

And faith alone its token

Of heaven-wrought divinity ;

And yet, in Thy infinity,

Bless me, even me also, oh my Father !

Naught I bring Thee, Thou hast no need, my Father,

And my only plea is to Thy gracious love ;

Though erring yet receive me ;

More worthy souls are coming

To pray Thy loving-kindness,

And faltering, still I ask Thee,

Hast Thou but one blessing, oh my Father ?

Here in tearful sorrow I will wait Thee,

Hushed and weeping in Thy holy presence,

A wearied spirit, erring,

And frail in all but loving,

A mortal who is seeking

A light that's hid in darkness ;

Bless me, even me also, oh my Father !

THE PEARL.

I had a pearl, a strange mysterious pearl
Given me, mine to be once and for aye,
So rare and white a little childish girl
Said, "a Peri dropt it from the sky."

A day came, the April day of the fateful year,
Changeful as the mood within my heart,
The sun has struck a pathway sharp and clear
Through the group of pines that stood apart,
And fell aslant the sea-waves on the shore
That with beat and rythm slowly rhyme
On the pebbled key-board sea songs o'er and o'er
Great despairing cries dissolved in chimes.

All gay and gleeful into the pomp of day
Toying my sweet prize I blithely went,—
Alas that none were there to bid me stay—
Through the sunny pine-wood seaway bent,

Still toying with the prize I knew was mine,
Mine, till earth a bonfire of itself
Hath made in heaven as God's own entrance sign,
And in ashes is its dross and pelf!

Mine, mine, I thought, to wear, perhaps to caress,
But in insolence of vain-proud youth
Still toying while I worshipped little else,
Boastful thoughts went mad with pride forsooth.

Alas, why did the sun go in that day?
Why? Was never God near by to hold
His child and see it toy the pearl that day?
Ah, we stumble sunsmit through the fold,

We wail and cry when the April sun goes in
And there's naught above but cloud racked sky;
We huddle close, like lambs whose shepherd's in,
While we long and wish the storm was by.

The sons of men have strange inheritance,
Coins all double-faced with faith and doubt,
And here and there a full-curved fact, by chance,
Broadside turns and puts them all to rout.

An hour passed by, and sudden through my soul,
Fitful with the mood that came and went,
A wicked jest careered and prudence stole,
Turning, with my eyes seaway bent,

"Think you that I am smit with this white pearl?
Bah, these toys once worn how quick thrown by!
I tell thee, man's a most pretentious churl;
Wived once, woman's naught to do but die;

The lover into careless husband merged
Saith, 'of sweet-lipped comfits I've enough,
The path we tread from moonlight hath diverged,
Work, I'm a diamond in the rough!'"

"If this you think you've lost your womanhood!"
Angry quoth the donor of the pearl,
And struck the toying hand with blow so rude
Into sea-waves the unstaid hand did hurl

The pearl, and white with wrath he strode away.
God, cried I, doth hide His face from me,
And what do I with light this curse-crowned day?
And there came a hissing cry from out the sea.

II.

Oh, weary were the changeful days of the year
As from day to day my life was borne,
For at my heart as heavy as clay-filled bier
Grief was laid, and day by day made moan.

And all the divine within my soul cried out,
For the pearl was an honest heart thrown off
By careless jest and pride that felt no doubt
Of the prize, though pierced by jest and scoff.

The mute things of the earth will have their face
Sunward, ever seeking the moving rays;
And woman, feeblest of the fallen race,
Mutely turneth loveward all her days.

"You blight, you have a worm within your heart!"
Some one said; I winced, for she had laid
A careless finger on the aching part,
Touched the nerve that pain alone had made.

And passion flared upon my whitened face,
Flaming eyes, and maddened me with sighs;
And God did seem gone out from the sinful place
Where my heart grew dark with smothered cries.

And April came, the last of the fateful year,
Down the pine-wood path I secret went,
For gnawing at my heart-strings, chilled with fear,
Deathless memory, asp-like, tugged and rent.

"Oh curse me not, thou God, to shriveling blight,"
Cried I, then in silence hid my face;
A peace came o'er me, as full-orbed through night,
Th' moon doth rise majestic to her place;

The air seemed stilled as by a Presence new,
Tears unwept for many a heavy day,
Like summer rain, fell soft and warm as dew,
And the hard despair was swept away.

Oh Pearl, most precious and most kingly gift,
Toyed and thrown by with a careless jest,
A purged and worthier soul shall sometime lift
Thoughts to thee and dream as of the blest.

III.

The April past, and May, with flowery eyes,
Peeped among the pines, and silent things

Grew instinct with the light, and 'neath the skies
All things budded out in leafy wings.

With humble tread I sought the mem'ried place ;
Duty, stern-voiced, hath an angel's eyes,
And followed, her glance transfigures the days.
Nature works not hard on butterflies,—

She softly tucks them up a night or two
Under a leaf, some out of the wind's way nook,
And forth they come full-blown and born anew,
Bright as a petal from a tulip shook ;

But see her labor at the strong-grown oak,
See, with sharp-toothed frost she breaks the germ,
And coaxes out the ground the shoot, then stroke
After stroke she strikes with storm-wind's arm,

Till built with stress and strain this high-arched tree ;
So Experience buffets the living soul
With wave on wave of sorrow's troublous sea,
Until duty springs from out the soil.

And dreaming thus, I sought the mem'ried place,
Thanking the Master for His chastening care,
" My love shall be for all the human race,
Much I'll do His harvest to share."

" And thou and I will sow together, dear ! "
He was there, the giver of the pearl !
And then to quickly stay my half-spoken fear,
Smiling said, " Wilt love your husband-churl ? "

MARSHAL ! MARSHAL !

Marshal ! marshal thy thousands, oh North !
Marshal them in battle array,
For the heart of the South is red-ripe
With the heat of hate and dismay.

Form, ye men, swift with an unbroken front !
Right, in the hand of man is a sword,
Keen and true, it shall slay whom it may,
Thus commands the invincible Word.

Form to the music of God's mighty hymn !
Soldiers of the North, lo, comes the night ;
Haste, no man shall say we lost the day
While humanity clutched at the right.

Now the soul of the world beats to the time
 Marching step of marshalling men ;
And no heart quails at the word " Advance,"
 Though some syren sings peace once again.

Marshal Northmen, and forth now to war !
 Marshal swift in battle array !
For the heart of the South is red-ripe
 With the heat of hate and dismay.

THE WAR OF THE BEES.

In the distant year when Adam, once so bold,
If then his fingers five he'd learned to count on,
Could have all his years upon them safely told,
For then he had not many years to reckon ;
When though now it seems an easy task to count,
'Tis doubtful whether he had liberal knowledge,
Or could tell the thumb and finger's short amount,
For he was Freshman in dame Nature's College,
And could scarce count three "*arētis auribus.*"

'Tis a hapless truth that we must often slip
In counting, and the darker days of trouble
Send our mental shuttle through its secret trip
So slow that often it doth count its double ;
While our joys but seldom hear the foot of time
When passing neither do they see the dial,

Though with warning shade the lengthening
 shadows climb

The night close by us, and many a trial
 Presses fast upon the heel of coming hours.

In the golden season of a distant year

 It once befel the ancient Queen of Beedom
To be summoned from the living, and though here
 A Judge and Ruler, there, in the bigger kingdom
To be judged by stricter laws than served her age ;
 Now who should be their Queen was greatly
 vexing

Every bee, from sloven drudge to buxom page
 Who scarce had even known a thought perplexing
 Until this, which crazed them as an unopened
 bud.

Long debates were held among the anxious bees,
 And angry parties were, alas, split up ;
Thistle loving bees forgot their ancient glees,
 Forgot that they had often drank from the same
 cup

Years ago in good old patriarchal time,
And one in an ungoverned wrath more raging,
Scarce bethinking 'twas a treason and a crime,
Did plant himself upon a thorn-bush staging,
Slyly stung an unsuspecting brother's back.

Tragical the scene that now I would depict,
But laughing comedy rampant reigned thereafter,
Rage their honey melted, and they grappling stick
Together with their furrèd claws, and hereafter
History'll scarce the offended from the offender know.
The parties each had name from favorite flower,
"Tiger-lily" one was, the other "Thistle-blow,"
And though not wide apart at heart, still at th'
hour
Of election time were foes to the very death.

Did a bee but see across a daisy field
Opponent bee, he thrusteth forth his stinger,
Straightway cries with whisk and whirr, "oh, ho
thy shield
Oh braggart, is embossed with black!" this flinger

Quickly had its answer in some hasty words
That look not well in print, political print even;
Words unpolished oft among the common herds
Are used, though by th' by, these were Senate
lords.

Now the Tiger-lily held the Queen should bear
One spot, a "plague spot" the Thistles sometimes
called it,

Who believed she should be pure as snow in air;
The State escutcheon white, and cursed who
soiled it,

Or who placed a sign of filthy black so near.
And now you could not pass a brier or hedgerow
But some fillibustering bee 'mid shout and cheer
Was droning patriotism to crowds that seem so
Fired with th' eloquence that they could vote
—both ways.

Now and then magisterial bee would seize
The opportune moment when upon a tulip,
To decoy a drudge within and there release

His secret mind while drinking all the julip,
And with inuendo fine would ask—a vote,
While holding fast upon the bee's brown button,
Flattering much for his great sense and his bright
coat,
Until the drudge sees th' epicure in th' glutton,
• And an honest bee that sure must have support.

But election time hath an appointed end,
As all created things have stops and pauses.
To this rule our varied life doth ever bend,
And passion, love, and sorrow have their clauses.
Many hearts were faint as th' ominous time drew
near,
And now at last the fatal hour was given,
Votes were cast, and Tiger hopes were blasted clear,
The Thistle votes had them most surely beaten,
And the Queen was queen of an unspotted
breast.

II.

Breaths of sweetest fragrance from the South were
fanned,

Along the lowly banks of blooming flowers;
Blue the skies that looked upon the Beedom land,
And the bees were all a-buzz within the bowers,
Pillaging in an untiring zeal the sweets,

When lo, upon them comes in haste all furious,
Queen's own Page, outworn by th' summer's heats;
Quick round him crowd the bees agap and curious
"What's to come we bees would like to know?"

"What's to come?" cried he, "alas, enough most
sure,

The rebel Tigers our chief cells have plundered,
And a vagrant Queen they've crowned, enough,
most sure!"

The bees aghast stood as though it had thundered,
Till the Page had ceased, and then a threatening
sound,

Like hissing imprecations loud, heard he,
And a shout came forth with memory's quick rebound,

"To arms ! to arms !" they shrilly cry, "what do we,

Here we stand like senseless dor-bugs in the light !"

Not a Thistle-blow but heard the battle call,
And whizzed and whirred about in eager hurry,
Though it must be said that some did just forestall
Their courage by a sip too much, in the flurry,
Of the luscious clover standing in their way ;
While others we confess were seen to whisk it
Down a trumpet-flower, none knew how long to stay,
We think though they were disinclined to risk it
Thus to meanly follow in ignoble rank.

And 'tis thought that now and then in the distant rear,

Was seen, all fresh and new, with buttons glistening,
With his sting out-thrust and bold, a brigadier !
A laggard ? no, not he, for he's a listening ;
But 'tis strange how this heroic talent grew,
How many braves his tactics held most patent,
And a threatening foe by subtle listening knew ;
While many a bee felt Bonaparte was latent
In him, a brandishing his stinger in the rear.

Patriotism is backed by knapsack and a gun
For courage is not born with a "Commission ;"
And the meanest drudge beneath the Beedom sun.
The laugh and jest, oft-times derision
Of the Queen, the battle-cry sung high and shrill
In foremost rank. Now the foe, Page said, was
hidden,
Down a thicket just behind a distant hill,
Some say by coward terror hard bestridden,
While he's made an ambush in the bristly briers,

Down the valiants sped, the eager Thistle brood ;
The Page, their leader, while his wings were ply-
ing,
Gayly caught a seedling thistle top that stood
Near by, and like a banner held it flying,
"Lo, our star," he cries, "for the foe the stripes,"
and looks
Around him, with a soldier's eye most cautiously;
And not long was it ere from the oddest nooks,
He saw, all slyly upon their picket duty,
Rebel bees, who, when approached betook to
flight.

Hiding foes are somewhere lame we always know;
A cause that doth behind protecting hedgerow
Find its advocate is not worth e'en a throw,
Nay, not the careless schoolboy's aimless stone-
throw.

Bees, though often to geometry's study given,
Ne'er moralized in this precocious strain,
Nor did call their meanest foe a "mud-sill" even,

But did know what they knew extremely well,
And for intuition were very women.

Thus it was when they had neared the thicket, the
Page

In subtle strategy their progress stems,
Makes review, though not with tactics now the
rage,

And then with many skillful stratagems,
Curbs their rage by drill till th' evening stars were
lit,

For wise and secret were his plans, not even
Queen and cabinet knew what in his mighty wit,
The Page had coined, by the battle to be proven,
And till then, despite reporters, secret kept.

Night came on, and slumber touched the nodding
flowers,

And as the Tiger-lilies were very tired,
Though they strove hard against it, slept within
the briers;

And then, with patriotic fury fired,
Th' Thistle's tug with all their might a hornet's
nest,

All empty of the frightful hornets, mind you,
Close to the briery fort wherein the rebels rest;
And as to dreamless sleep each had resigned him,
Down 't was swiftly tumbled on the sleeping
foe !

Such a shrieking whiz and buzz was never heard,
Though gossips come most wonderfully near it,
Up they flew affrighted, and though it's absurd,
They fancied with their unawakened dull wit,
Th' hornets there, the common foe ; with bristling
stings,

'The Thistles hedge them round, and pity doth not
stay
Them ; now some grappling in the dark, tear the
wings
From off the foe, and claw at the heads of their
dead prey ;
While another, through and through is thrust
and gorged.

Fierce the combat, although short, and sad the sight,
Bright heads were rolled in dust with the eyes
all crushed out ;
Ghastly forms, all torn and bleeding, once so bright,
Lay amid the briars, while some, with stingers
thrust out
Seemed to bite the unconscious earth in rebel hate ;
The Page soon cleaves the way to their "Queen"
and calling
To his comrades, stung her to the heart, her fate,
And the righteous edict of his Queen forestalling
Hung her high, all quivering, upon a briery
thorn.

Now the Beedom land was fast reduced to order,
And as the war had emptied the public coffers,
An internal tax was made upon their fodder ;
Some foreign tribes now made them generous
proffers,
But as they had given freely "mutual aid"
All through the war, with only some exceptions,
9

Ev'ry bee was anxious not to thus have made
A double debt of deeper obligation ;
So a tax was made upon the wine-red clover.

Now there are numerous little flasks within the
clover

In June time brimming full of precious nectar ;
Which dame Nature leaves without a cork or stop-
per,

To the bees worse than St. Anthony's tempter
These uncovered flasks of the flower's distillery;
And each had tax of one full grain of honey,
Failing this, "why there's the thorn-bush pillory !"
But the coffers soon were filled with this money
When the revenue tax unneeded was repealed.

But another question vexed the Queen of bees
And all her council, it was that black "cancer,"
How to treat a bee who had it nor catch disease,
Some thought they'd give medicine, others, they d
lance her ;

Now 'twas found all those who had on them the
 black spot,
Had many offsprings with the black spot all over,
And considering this sad fact and the mad rebel-
 lious plot,
A law was made the vexed question full to cover,
 "Spotted rebels should be spitted on a thorn."

And as naught could remedy their offspring's hue
 Among the chemicals of spring-time bleachery,
And it being not exactly their fault too,
They were allowed their parent's foul treachery
To the Bee-hive's loving Union to avenge
 As sort of hangmen, then they had their freedom;
So the guillotine thorn was called the "black's re-
 venge,"
Forever after, and the land of Beedom
 Bloomed millenium and rejoiced in buzz and
 honey.

WE SLEPT, AND THE STARS, &c.

We slept, and the stars so still
 Rolled night away ;
A sunbeam slipt its quill,
 Dropt on the way,
And stole into my brain.

“Up, up and away, my love,
 Methought 'twas night ;
Up, up and away, my love,
 For lo, 'tis light !
The birds are all awake,

And morn hath eager eyes ;
 Ah me, we dreamed
And night did pass the skies
 So swift, it seemed
Fallen star, that spent itself.

The world is all abroad,
 Stay thou with me,
The world can see but fraud,
 What e'er thou be ;
Then go not out from here.

The night was sweet with dreams
 Of all that's pure,
No hour shall stain their gleams
 Till sins allure,
Hath cleft thy honor down."

Thy answer came in flowers,
 Sweet dewy flowers,
That smelt of woodland bowers

And dawn's first hours ;
My soul drew breath in peace.

Unbroken that peace hath been
My love, by years
Of passion, hours that win
The heart to tears,
Unbroken by aught of sin.

THE OLD YEAR.

Crouched in the starlight,
In glittering defiance,
Winter sits and howls in pain,
For the sad dead year
Stretched upon his bier,
With a shroud of hours gone by,
Lies unburied 'neath the sky.

Hours burn to ashes
Unrenewèd tapers,
Still and dark behind the night
Lies a young new year ;
Who shall bear the bier,
Wrap the shroud of hours gone by,
Hide the dead from 'neath the sky ?

Days that once loved thee,
Thou year unburied,
Lie within thy heart unsheathed,
Like dismantled flowers,
Scentless in their bowers ;
For thy sunlight hath gone by,
With its dreams and flowers for aye.

Stars hold the midnight,
Who shall thee bury,
Oh thou dear beloved year !
For the bright young year
Bears a golden spear,
And the morrow is his own,
Ah, the morrow is his own.

And the dead shall bury,
Alas, its own ;
And the past ne'er'll buried be,
For the soul must dream,
As the suns must gleam ;
There's no grave for th' year gone by,
Shrouded still beneath the sky.

THE LOST HARP.

An elf lay rocking one mid-day,
Within a blossom's rosy rim,
Keoled up as a wave beneath a ray
That love-smit came to kiss its brim ;
The centifoliate sweets had thrown,
Lethean veil on every power,
Asleep he lay upon the throne,
He chose from out the floral bower.

Now sly beneath his stately throne,
Upon a thorn his harp he'd hung,
Which ever anon gave out a tone
To passing airs, for it was strung
With threads Arachne deftly spun,
And quivering in the summer breeze
10

Each fibre glittered in the sun,
Like shining leaves on poplar trees.

The day is very bright and fair,
Along the South a sun-cloud lies
In woven cradle of the air,
A zepherine matron sometimes plies
A gentle touch to the rocking cloud,
To keep it swinging, ere it weeps;
While busy rays, a plumèd crowd,
Are thronging down mountain steeps.

When, as eve drew nearer earth,
A fairy stole from out her haunt,
And full of tricksy joy and mirth,
And too revenge, the cause not extant,
The sighing harp doth stealthy steal,
Unlawful though the deed may be,
As elf and fairy never deal,
Yet, certes, stolen 'tis with glee.

But scarce had the fairy, wondrous bold,
Slipt down a monkshood's purple shade,
And shut the lid in tightened fold,
When through the silent darkening glade
The elf's most frightful shriek is heard ;
Alas, a blundering bee had bit
The elf upon his tallest toe,
'Twas anther in the bee's slow wit,
And bent on honey struck the blow.

Yet sadder was the elf's sad plight
When down he limped to bathe his wound
And found his harp had taken flight
As dream of night, and with a bound,
"My harp, my harp," he cries with shriek ;
Ah, now the fairy waits in fear,
Repentant full of vengeful freak,
She harks and trembles still to hear

The elf, who hobbles slow along,
Unwitting seeks the very flower
Where fairy hides, by pain made strong,
Uphurls the lid, lo, there did cower,

With harp in hand, the wicked sprite
In fright, and yet a something more,
Which coils her dimple, rilling bright,
Sweet laughter's pitfall, blushes' core.

She takes from out the opened flower,
In haste a fluttering flying leap,
And on the ground doth bashful cower,
With coyish glance cast down, half meek,
Then holds the harp for elf to take,
"I take it, broken and unstrung,
My heart I'd rather have thee break,"
Cried elf in sad reproachful tongue;

"I'll give thee,"—"Ay, give me thee,"
"No other prize," cried hasty elf,
"Art wounded, tell me, by the bee?"
"Nay, nay, by thee, by thou thyself!"
The night was very bright and fair,
The elf he wooed with all his might,
The monkshood nodded as in prayer,
The broken harp is forgotten quite.

HYMN AT MIDNIGHT.

[And the morning stars sang together.]

Stars of silence, threading magic measures,
Wherefore sing not, 'mid the mystic stillness ?
Echo's voiceless grown as mountain glaciers,
Grasped by arctic hands in winter darkness ;
 Wherefore silent, stars of night,
 Ever shining in thy flight ?
Midnight, thou cathedral of infinity,
Wherefore silenced hymns to thy divinity ?

Breathless music through thy solemn arches,
Waiting lies to strike the ancient anthem ;
Stars, like armed hosts in shining marches,

Gleaming with their banner, shield, and emblem,
Pace along in blazoned lines,
Ray with ray in glancing twines ;
Lo, a comet, with its plumèd helmet,
Wheels along resplendent as the sunset !

Voiceless midnight ! we of silence weary,
Through thy portal such gigantic calmness
Breathes repose, as church-yards, hushed and dreary,
'Neath thy light there sleeps in gloomy sadness,
A sin-bowed humanity,
Frenzied as insanity ;
Oh, awake it with a diapason
Rung by joyous hosts of God's creation !

* * * * *

Hush, I see in starrèd aisles are mutely bending
Spirits speechless grown in saintly adoration,
Down thy corridors, with angel steps descending,

Worshiping they pass the souls of every nation ;
Breathless are the heavens in prayer,
Echo sleeps in domes of air ;
'For the King is in His holy temple,
Let all Earth keep silence now before Him ?'

LIFE, BEAR THAT CUP AWAY.

Life, bear that cup away,
Nor bid me drink the draught !
See, night doth flee thy sway,
And morning comes o'erfraught
With mists of sullen rains ;
Gray shrouds, as dreams, now fill
The sky with darkening stains,
Like dust on stream or rill.

Cleave, Eagle of my soul,
Thou swift-winged Hope of life,
Heaven's darkness that hath stole
Upon the heart's slow strife ;
A myriad suns of joy,
Down to their sockets burnt,
Are destiny's loved toy,
Which worlds of dreams have learned.

Life, bear that cup away,
I will not, can not taste
Wine won from hearts of clay,
That thou hast bid to waste
Away in buried grief;
Blood fills thy goblet's rim,
Like surges on the reef,
It sparkles to the brim.

And, corpses lying there
Upon yon reef of sand,
Are whitening in the air;
The sparkling waves that spanned,
The low-lined shore, and wild
With mirth coiled round these forms,
Have lowly laughed and piled
The sand in playful storms.

Ay, round thy goblet's brim
The sparkling waters play,
Down lower beneath the rim
There glows no gleaming ray,
11

And youth hath dainty sipt
Deep draughts of sunny wine,
Which thou hast softly dipt
From gloom's volcanic mine.

Pale Woe is wandering o'er
The earth with faltering pace,
Joy flees forevermore
With cowering, hidden face ;
And dreams are dying now,
Like daring angel doomed,
Who clasps his lowered brow
And flees where specters loomed.

Life, bear that cup away,
My soul doth loathe its look,
Yet, God, in sunless day,
Doth feed the leaf and brook ;
And down in sea-dim deep,
'Mid moss-grown dreams in calm
Of spirit's silent sleep,
'Neath passions mermaid charm,

God sets his anchor strong !
 Above the coral woof,
Thoughts wove in busy throng,
 There shines a rainbow roof !
Where hopeful fancy plies
 Her skill, her tiny threads
Are sun-gleams in the skies,
 And there an angel treads !

Life, bring the cup again,
 For God doth thee direct,
Death comes but to the brain,
 The mind can ne'er be wrecked ;
The firm-set anchor lies
 Still 'neath the slimy weed,
And faith that climbs the skies
 Is strong at utmost need.

OH, FOR THE SONGS OF BIRDS.

Oh, for the songs of birds
Sprinkled through the air ;
The air that's so chill,
Like a heart that's still,
Still with a pain it knows,
Still as the hush of snows.

Oh, for the sweet, sweet joy,
Of a new bright earth ;
The air that's so sweet,
Where the blossoms meet,
Tangled in tufts of green,
Shafts of light between.

Oh, alas, the winter pale,
Lieth all abroad ;
The birds are away,
Where the spring doth stay,
Down beneath those skies,
Skies, where summer lies.

Ay, the earth doth ache at heart
For the sweet warm air,
The songs that will thrill
The light that's so chill,
And the pain it knows
Is the weight of snows.

THE BLUSHING ROSE.

A LEGEND.

There was a stir among the roses,
One dewy morn in June,
'Twas where the south wind e'er reposes
And sings a soothing tune,
Through the summer day.

There was a whirr and hum and sighing,
Unusual in their rank,
One damask rose, their scorn defying,
In some disgraceful prank,
Wed a foreign flower !

A crime so great in rose empire,
That capital punishment
Was judged to such a law-defier ;
And death or banishment,
Was the sentence given.

The rose had stood apart from others,
And reared its crest so grand,
In flaming colors, that his brothers
Grew jealous of his stand,
While they jeered at him.

'Twas true the rose was rather dashing,
And scarce was known to bend,
When rain and wind, in fury lashing,
The humbler flowers would send
Whirling to the ground.

But he was gen'rous oft, and lavished
His fragrance ev'rywhere,
Until the air would wait enravished
To wreathe within its hair
Sweets so careless strewn.

One love-lit morn the rose was quaffing,
From Oberon's cup of dew,
While in the east a star stood laughing
And shaking as he knew
What the goblet was.

When sudden, as he sat there sipping,
A little voice called out
From neighboring thicket, "I am dipping
My lip where naiades pout,
Will I not be sweet !'

Now such a question should have answer,
Bethought the stately rose,
For prince or noble, knight or lancer,
His heart would never close
To voice like that.

And then with one of his green branches
He makes a cleaving sweep,
On either side swift blows he launches,
Then takes a hurried peep,
Where the thicket breaks.

And down within the covert smiling,
There stood a snowy rose !
And bright she looked as though beguiling
The shade its wings to close ;
'Twas a lily rose,

And very fair, and so was thinking
The rosy damask rose,
And while he stood abashed and blinking,
And dreaming what he knows,
Damask rose should not.

A dastard humming-bird came winging,
Through opening he had clove,
With swagger and dare-do singing,
As though now, he might rove,
Just where he might list !

And with a soft complacent twirling,
Around the fairy rose,
He sought by hum and subtle whirling,
To dazzle th' one he chose ;
There's wherein he erred.
12

The angry damask rose could not bear this,
And with a plunge, he thrust
The bird with thorny poniard, "wear this,"
Cried he, "until it rust,
Thievish humming-bird !"

The little snowy rose all trembling
At such a murd'rous sight,
Thus coyly thought she was dissembling,
Some other thought by fright ;
Love would fain disguise.

" 'Tis sad to see thee tremble, Rosy,
'Tis sad, sweet love of mine ;"
Shy dimples chased the grief of Rosy,
While spoke this Rose so fine ;
Oh, 'twas wicked quite.

Then damask rose bethought of going,
And yet, he waited still ;
A sudden wind the white rose blowing,
Did seem to serve his will ;
Ay, she was so sweet !

Then was a stir among the roses
And he was ostracised ;
While now there soft reposes.
On white rose thus despised,
Blush of damask cheek !

THE SECRET.

Seven blossoms set in a whorl of leaves,
Three possible blossoms 'mid their shade,
'Tis a very trap to catch sunbeams with,
And I would not wonder if there strayed,
In thy covert hiding a fay or so,
Shall we look or no?

'Tis an ambush surely for the dreams of May,
And she, you well know, is a maiden sly,
And would fold the petals of dream as these;
And carefully hidden from the sky,
There's a golden mystery, shall we look,
Say, within the nook?

Surely the hand was hasty that plucked these off

For true there's some promise a-growing here,
Autumn knows the autumn that is to come,

What promise 'tis, and alas, 'tis queer,
Secrets the blossoms hide, their own sweets betray,
Who doth not know it, say ?

Put thy face close, close to their op'ning leaves,

Such blossoms whisper, what **May** would hide ;
Fragrance steals from their unsuspecting hearts,
And breathes it far, and aye, breathes it wide ;
Ha, Pomona, she it is hiding here,
Maid of fireside cheer!

SONG.

I've been to the woodland, love,
Where beauty reigns
In varied sheen ;
Shadow here,
Sunshine there !
The flowers are blooming, love,
The wood-rills hum
Through shady green ;
Beauty here,
Beauty there,
And beauty everywhere !
The birds were trilling, love,
Their mellow notes
In sunny glades,
Where sweetly low
The breezes blow.

And hope was whispering, love,
Of home of light
A future bright,
For thee and me,
For me and thee.

Oh, haste to the bridal, love,
Our peasant cot
On mountain side,
Awaits the bride,
In lowly pride.

I've gathered garlands, love,
Of dewy flowers
From wooded bowers;
And thou my bride
My joy and pride,
Another flower will be, love.

THE FORSAKEN BOAT.

“Thy boat is stout and strong,
Why fear the stalwart sea ?
All bound by nail and thong,
The wood of oaken tree ;
 Thy boat shall skim,
 As sea-gulls swim ;
Ha, ha, why fear the stalwart sea ?”

“Would'st sail that frothing sea ?
There's skeleton below,
It ever looks at me,
Where'er this boat I row,
 It seems to be ;
 Oh haste, we'll flee ;
Alas, I hate that stalwart sea !”

"I tell thee, fear no more
That skeleton below ;
All hearts at deepest core,
A mummied corpse can show ;
 Envenomed toys
 Are treasured joys ;
Ah, ha, why fear the stalwart sea ?

A haven there may be.
Afar in summer lands,
Set sail, set sail with me,
And I will show thee lands
 Of a nobler race ;
 The wind shall chase
Our boat upon the stalwart sea !"

"Hist ! stands upon its prow
A phantom weird and white ?
Ay, ay, thy vengeance now,
My boat is thine to-night ;
13

Oh haste, there's two,
The old and new !
Haste, haste, I hate the stalwart sea !"

• • • • •

Upon the rippled sand,
Forsaken lies a boat ;
'Tis said two women stand
At midnight in the boat,
Unearthly spell
Hath them befel,
Ah, ha, thy dead, oh stalwart sea ?

NIGHT SHADE COMING IN.

The sun is down, the moon is up,
And night's first star hath filled her cup,
From evening's gentle rays.

What earth hath seen where sun hath shone,
Within this dark to gods are known,
Now fails the mortal eye.

The Fays may sit with harps of gold,
And sing their songs they sing so bold,
All mantled o'er with shade

The blundering owl may winkless hoot,
As evening dons her darker suit
With stars all buttoned o'er.

Sweet dreams may steal from dreamer's heart,
And wheeling sky-ward drop a dart
A-plume with sweets of love ;

No eye shall see who caught the gift,
Nor where a hope was set adrift,
Nor who should wait nor win.

And satyrs still may hold their dance,
And wood-nymphs yet forget their trance,
While night-shade cometh in.

BURIED.



Oh still white face, beneath the earth,
How can I loose this thought from thee,
 And send it up to God?
For there thy soul hath painless birth,
In the other home, eternity.

How can I feel thy heart is still,
That beat a rythm to all that's true,
 Within this varied world?
How shall I know thy eyes ne'er fill
With half-wept tears as oft mine do?

Why hide the dead so far from sight?
And yet, I would not love to see

Thy crumbling shape through life,
Though shrined in "Temple of the Sun ;"
Nay, wait thou 'neath that earth for me.

I will forget the phantom dream
That now there is within thy eyes
What I must haste to read ;
This other thought will sweeter seem,
Thou living angel in the skies !

LIFE.

A drop from out the eternal heavens
Fallen in the eternal sea,
A thing that will be driven tidewards
Through its God's immensity.

Alas, and this is all of living ;
Fill it with swift-stolen dreams,
When thrown by a passing billow
In the track of sky-born gleams,

An instant it will show resplendent,
For it hath its rainbow side ;
An instant, and it falls a broken
Bubble of a pitiless tide.

To be a shattered atom only
In a star-filled milky way ;
To add to earth a blackening gravestone
Tedious in the sight of day.

To be a line engraved on water,
Quick erased by coming tides ;
To be but one among the many,
This is Life, itself derides.

* * * * *

But who shall fold his garments about him,
Saying none shall touch their hem,
The Master who once came among men ?
Nay, He loved and walked with them.

LOST.

Word born of Satan, who, with cunning skill,
Hath fixed within the very grooves of time,
Some prototype of dread decay's cold chill
That harshly grates amid the eternal chime ;
 A word that seething fell,
 From out the lips of hell ;
A living coal that burned in cringing souls,
An ashen record, deep-writ in shriv'ling scrolls.

All over earth veiled mem'ry hath upraised
White urns wherein the whitening ashes lie,
Of human hope, while even joy, half crazed,
With smiles akin to tears, doth seek to fly,
 As oft the holiest thought,
 In sacred silence wrought,
14

Will flee the human touch, and as the fern,
Recoils its sensitive leaf to touch too stern.

Lost, lost ! how shook the pillars of our earth,
When fell this cry of Satan's first despair ;
A Phoenix now is death that'll give us birth,
When some Infinity's creating air,
 That kindles flaming lyres,
 By God's redeeming fires,
Shall breathe on it and touch to life decay,
And bring the breath of angels to th' lost in clay.

A cemetery filled with dwarfed souls,
Who, woe-eyed pant to climb its upmost tower,
The curtained earth, all trembling, rolls
Along the skies. Lost ! Satan hath the power,
 Till lo, a grave-stone, crowned
 By seraphs wreathing round,
Doth pierce the air, and earth though now a tomb,
Hath head stone marked by God amid the gloom !

A cross, that glitters with the gem of God,
Doth stand amid the ruins of paradise;
And chained beneath by the eternal cord,
The spirit lost in tortured terror lies.

 The energies of worlds
 In silence God unfurls;
In silence hears the prostrate spirit's prayer,
And orbs them both in a darkened air!

The star-rimmed world is dim-lit room
Wherein all human hearts must throbbing wait;
And though the crumbling gate is moss-grown tomb,
Its rusted hinge is turned by God-sent fate;

 Each soul's a telescope
 Where seraph visions slope;
Through sorrow's rent divinity looks through,
A summer sun where wintry tempests blew.

A providence doth ever wait to strike
A sudden curve within the lightning line,
Of God's eternal laws, who holds alike,

All human changes and the unchanged divine;
The lost may lose its name,
Despair shall slowly tame
To angel sorrow ; God hath stooped to raise
A sleeper from the dead in ancient days !

THE BOQUET.

The purest flower is thine, dearest,
Among the fragrant cluster ;
Oh choose thee, choose thee well, dearest.

There's fatal whisp'ring 'mong them now,
Among those still-voiced blossoms,
Enshrined in marble vase ; hasten thou,
For there's a secret breathless
To tell itself within their hearts.

With nodding whispers, fragrant sighs,
There's th' rose and violet,
While clinging closely, each half tries,
To say what I now may not ;
Then listen, listen to them, dearest.

The sweetest flower is thine, darling,
Though all are fair among them ;
A promised flower is thine, darling,
Which love alone bestowest ;
Oh choose thee, choose thee well, darling.

Perchance thy flower 'll wilt, dearest,
Just as thy hand would grasp it ;
Decay is oft drawn nearest,
Where hangs the flower the lowest ;
Bethink thee, stay a while, dearest.

Our life hath crowned with thorns even
The lowly One of sorrow,
Though He could love the pale lily,
And see within its circles
A pictured dream of God written.

And thou may'st love thy flower, darling,
Within its heart is folded,
A trusting loving thought, darling,
To th' faith give answer truly,
And here's thy flower for aye, darling.

TO LOVE ENTIRE AND TRUE.

To love entire and true,
Is loving as a god,
With wealth forever new ;
The lily's heart is filled
With aromatic gold,
By summer's hand distilled ;
And sweets there lie untold,
In each May-blossom's breast,
But to love entire and true,
Is joying as a god ;
The soul is steeped with sweets,
And every year repeats
The blossoms of the past.

THE BEACON OF THE SEA.

The moon is high, the moon is high,
The waves they flow far and free ;
The owls they hoot, the bats are nigh,
The sun has gone down the sea.

Upon a cliff with torch alit,
A maiden waits tirelessly ;
And o'er and o'er in sight doth flit
A sail, then flees down the sea.

The midnight watch was sad and lone,
Ah, sad and lone for the maid
Upon the cliff with torch alit,
That sail so white fitting still.

And many a story has been told,
Of sails that bore wondrous freights,
Unburied men whose souls were sold,
And the maiden though shuddering waits

The sail a-flitting, flitting still ;
The waves they flow far and free,
A sullen mist the air doth fill,
The moon has set in the sea.

But like a fiery eye doth gleam,
The maiden's torch high upheld ;
The crag she stood upon did seem
Dissolved within the crawling mist.

And naught but the maid with torch a-lit
Did look upon the slow-moved sea,
While yet the wondrous sail doth flit
In sight, then downward it doth flee.

But now from out the sea there came,
A wind that bared the crag to sight,
And smote that white prayer-anguished face,
And freshened the flaring beacon-light.

The sail, the sail ! 'tis here, 'tis here !
'The lowered flames burn her palm
As far between the wind-rent space
She thrusts the torch with straightened arm.

The moon is high, the moon is high,
The waves they run glad and free,
This night the bridal torch is lit,
For the maiden, beacon of the sea.

GROW IVY, GROW.

Grow ivy, grow,
For the sun and winds of coysome May,
Are here to woo ;
There's a laugh within the eye of day,
And the robin loud his song doth sing,
For the robin he doth know the spring.

Grow ivy, grow,
In the dust thou shalt not drooping lie,
Where come so slow,
These sweet airs from the lovely southern sky,
But the breeze shall play a hide and seek
Round thy leaves, while he doth pat their cheek.

Grow ivy, grow,
Give to summer now a sweet surprise,
Ere she doth know,
Toss a tendril soft across her eyes;
Swiftly climbing then upon her brow,
Coil a wreath for her, thou knowest how.

RETURN TO ME.

Return to me, return again,
My soul is filled with dreams of thee,
As midnight's flower of dewy rain ;
Though years will come, like summer bee,
And drain the sweetest hours away,
Remembrance of this passing day
They leave as calyx on the stem.

Return to me, return again,
My heart has grown so sad alone,
It throws its gloom upon my brain,
And palsies ev'ry joyous tone ;
How can the star throw out its light,
Without a sun to make it bright ?
In heaven itself it dies with grief.

Return to me, return again,
For joyless eve hath darker grown,
And ev'ry star hath pictured dreams
Of other stars, that swiftly flown,
Have left but mem'ries glimmering gleams
Thrown back from their departing wing,
That torture with regrets they bring,
For joys that never again will be.

Return again, return to me,
Thou shalt not stand alone in life;
The highest joy I feel to be
In aiding thee in ev'ry strife;
And being loved and loving still
Beneath the blessing of His will,
Who bends the curvèd flight of light,
Upon the earth beneath the night.

ROSALINE.

The summer came, Rosaline,
And as the sun-beams love to shine
Unbidden through the silent pine
Sweet love uncalled then shone on thee ;
But why dost smile, Rosaline ?

Rosaline ! Rosaline !

A pallor grows upon thy brow,
And proud and silent standest thou ;
A wraith of joys that ne'er will be,
Casts shadows over thee and me.

'Thy summer came, Rosaline,
And beauty regal fair was thine,
When wealth did bow and sought to twine,
Its roseate wreaths so bright on thee ;

Ah, why dost shrink, Rosaline ?

Rosaline ! Rosaline !

The thornèd wreath doth wound thee soon,

A grave thou pleadest as a boon,

A grave for hopes that may not be,

There's one for each, for thee and me.

That summer's past, Rosaline,

And there has many a fragrant vine,

Twined up that ruin for sunshine

Where once were whispered thoughts to thee—

Ha, thou can'st weep, Rosaline,

Rosaline ! Rosaline !

Behold yon moon, so wan and cold,

Beneath the rays of sunny gold,

As sun-driven dream it seems to flee

From light, and thus doth hope from me.

Thy winter comes, Rosaline,

And like a sparkle through the wine,

Among the wreaths of thought doth twine
A song of loving memory,
And oh, 'tis sweet, Rosaline,
 Rosaline ! Rosaline !
But hush, thou turnest with scorn,
Thy face is flushed as winter's morn ;
Here, fling this shroud upon the bier,
These dreams, they die without a tear.

THE SCULPTOR.

I.

'Twas near the sunset gate of sleeping day,
Two spirits, poised upon a rim of gold,
Were weaving each a web, and from the ray,
The sun had dropt forgotten from his fold,
 Each a color drew,
 In their hands it grew
To radiance like a fallen splendor torn
From dewy night all tearful, dark, and lone.

Their wings, half-closed, shot out swift rays like
 stars;
Their eyes, intent upon the varied woof,
Were points of light as clear as sun-loved Mars;
And evil faun would cower far aloof,

For, as a falling lance,
Gleamed their sudden glance,
Far searching, to the inmost thought it read,
And saw the motive which to deed had led.

"My sister," the elder said, "each thread is wrought
Within my web with colors bright and new,
And thine, as thou hast slowly toiled and thought,
To wondrous pattern strange and glittering grew ;
See, yon star that's sipt
Night-dews, west hath dipt
His shining crest, and there doth seek its nest,
A wearied bird that sings itself to rest.

"And now, to court of angels let us haste,
And bear our webs as swift as coming light,
To fountains that immortals love to taste,
And thrice we'll dip their fringes clear and bright,
In the golden wave,
Thrice in waters lave,
Then draw them forth and if they bear no blight
Nor blanch, their colors clear as truth and right,

"Then God hath smiled upon our work of love
While we have wrought the mingled light and shade,
Designs of mythic rays uncoiled above;
For lo, upon our pattern ne'er to fade,
God hath His decree !
Fates that ever be
Have wrought by slowly working destiny,
A deep device that mortals ne'er can see."

II.

SUNRISE.

A MOUNTAIN SUMMIT.

SPIRIT.

Enter First Spirit.

Thanks, thou star, that dimplest light,
On yon Houri's cheek, fair east,
Guide thou hast been in my flight,
From the court where angels feast !

How my web doth sparkle free
While the morn is gath'ring rays !

Ha, 'tis magic destiny
Coiled by hands that time obeys.

'Tis my work to wreathe around
Mortal head a spirit's spell;
Hush, the shades do flee the ground,
I must haste where man doth dwell!

III.

A ROOM—INMATES CAROUSING.

TIME—MIDNIGHT.

First speaks.

“Bravo! ha, ha, bravo!
Here's a pledge comrade!
Wine and wit we've had,
Free as grapes can grow,
Now a song, a song!”

Second.

“Song, for wine doth bring
Songs as sweet as doves.”

Third.

"Wines that ring with loves
Pledged as true as doves."

SONG.

Fourth.

Fill the goblet to its brim
See how't seethes and glows and glints !
Fill it foaming o'er the rim,
See the devil's finger prints,
In its ruby dimples burn ;
'Tis the maid he loves to pet,
For she serves him many a turn,
Paying ev'ry doubtful debt,
In his game of life and souls ;
Fill the goblet, wine is wed !
Fill it while the bell it tolls,
Fill it though the world be dead !
Strike the ringing, clashing glass,
Here's a health to ev'ry man !
Let the haunting visions pass,

Stand aside, pale mem'ry's clan,
While we quaff the red-hot wine !
Drink we to the Norseman band
Though they drink in skulls their wine,
Drink we health to every land !

First.

Bravo, bravo ! Hurrah, hurrah !
Three cheers for our prince of song !
(Cheers and confusion while three join in.)

SONG.

Let the devil wag his tail !
He may rant and laugh and rail,
But he'll come the nearest way,
When he finds we drink and play ;
'Tis the surest way to thrive,
Keep his friendship while alive,
Then he'll give us when we're dead,
Warmest corners in his bed !
Hurrah, drink boys, hurrah, hurrah !

Second.

"Hist boys, Clare, our prince of song,
Prince Clare is gone !

First.

"Let him, how I hate his scorn !"

Third.

"Hush, he fills our empty horn !"

IV.

MIDNIGHT.

CLARENCE STANDING UPON A RIVER BANK.

How their voices pierce my ears !
Hush, that shout I hear it now,
'Tis full-volleyed curse of cheers ;
"Bravo," how it smote my brow !
This it is to be a man,
Gurgle forth from drunken lip
Oaths, that hate would shuddering scan,

Language native once of hell !
Fools transformed to beasts they sip
Till they reel, as when there fell
Lucifer from throne of heaven ;
Baleful light doth glow like fires,
Lurid in their eyes as driven
By their lusts and sudden ires ;
They are,—Tush, what then am I ?
Oh my God ! oh agony !
Where's my hope and where's my joys ?
Love and fame, and glory ? swift gone,
Gone like summer's flowering toys
That have withered in the morn.

Living, breathing, thinking still,
While her song sweet nature writes ;
And her measured closes fill
Earth with calm or music's flights.
Once, me thought this burning head
Deep was pillowed in the dust ;
Dream of rest how hath it sped ?
Now what hope am I to trust ?

Tortured heart it breaketh not,
Pain-racked though is every nerve,
And the sinews of its thought
Quiver, as rainbows in their curve,
While outstretched on the rack of grief;
Brain, how thou dost sizzling burn
Like curled fibres wreathed in fire !
Spirit e'en itself would spurn,
Singing, while it lit its pyre.
River, hush, my senses reel
At thy ceaseless roar and shout,
While thy waters thundering peal
As they gorge their rocky rout ;
Ha, — this river ? Gabrielle !
Sweet associations cling
With a loving twining spell
To the heart when scarred and seamed,
As fresh moss, in flowery spring,
Gathers green-grown, where hath teemed
Clay cold burdens of decay ;
Gabrielle, 'twas here, just here—
Hush, her name shall never lay

On these lips profaned with sneer,
Oaths and devil's leering smiles;
Then I thought to gain my goal
Ha, I've gained that which defiles
Woman, heart and mind and soul !
Would'st thou have a demon grasp
Angel's hand o'er gulfs of sin
Through whose rifts hot passions gasp,
Torturing flames that are akin ?
Oh, how once my gusty soul,
Loved the godly throne of truth !
Here, where these quick wavelets roll,
Vows were made, such as all youth
Make when flushed with wines of life ;
I would not be jostled down,
Scarce with fame of silly clown,
Jest that life hath flung at pride,
With a thousand singing bubbles
Hustled on with vacant head ;
I would tread the thorn and stubbles,
Where the gods of genius led.
Ha, how lies, themselves trick out,

In some tawdry dress that truth
Wore in chrysalis, now would scout
As the badge of futile youth !
Genius, husk of worn out thought,
What new guise wilt thou bestow,
Dreams from hidden 'ages brought ?
Seers, like years do come and go—
Hist, I prate, ephemeron,
Fool, the river at thy feet
Mocks thee with unconscious scorn,
Mocks thee while thy heart doth beat
On the storm beaches of the past ;
See, how dark processioned clouds
Glide athwart the silent sky,
Not a breeze doth stir these shrouds
Of sweet light, as still and heavy
They are marshaled slow along,
Till, becalmed, they darker grow
In the horizon's curve detained,
Dark, as low'ring passions glow,
Of thick-breathing passions chained ;
Now the lightning frets the cloud,

Pricking every pore with lance,
Spearing deep with shafts of fire,
While with tempest cleaving peal,
Thunder rings a Titan's lyre,
Till the earth must shaking reel !
Now the wind doth lashing shriek ;
Ah, that I held in command,
Quick as lightnings blushing speak,
These storm-courers in my hand !
Ha, the night yawns into hell,
Devils hold a carnival,
'Tis their voices pierce my ears,
"Bravo," and a "bravo, bravo,"—
Hist, they're forging lightning spears
In the edge of the cloud below !
Swift and still a fiend doth draw
Forth his spear, all hot and bright,
With a blackened hookèd claw ;
'Tis a palace fair he sees,
Now he aims with lurid light,
Ha, a crash, and ruin plays
Over beauty, love, and hate,

Even swifter than decays
Human corpse which laughed at fate !
Now the fangs of flame, like thongs,
Split the air, as it snuffs the smell
Of the earth, it furious longs
As a panther for its prey ;
Gnash thy teeth, I'll flout thy power !
Ha, what ? I ? Block of clay,
Rotten soul, filth, in an hour !
Hush, how the air grows solemn, still ;
Silent, solemn, calm, and still,
In yon grove of waving pines,
Winds scarce breathe in the silent chill ;
Death hath written thus its signs.
Alas, Gabrielle, my Gabrielle,
Oh my God, what hope for me ?
Gabrielle, Gabrielle, oh God—

SPIRIT.

Appears First Spirit.

Forward, forward to thy fate !
Though thy heart may suffer sorrow,

In its choicest hopes of earth,
Like the sunsets, dream of morrow,
Smiling for a morning's birth!

Forward, forward to thy fate!
Varied threads are closely coiled
Through the swiftly coming years,
Sister fates for thee have toiled,
Weaving hopes amid the fears.

Forward, forward, watch and wait!
Though the rare-ripe joys existence,
Wins to her, must fill the train
Of the mail-clad form resistance
Bear her misery and pain.

Forward, forward, watch and wait!
For thy soul shall know a vision
Soon, familiar through the years,
And she'll strive to do her mission
Though she bears a cup of tears.

Forward, forward, step by step!
Lo, though steep these mountain passes,

Life hath silver peaks anon,
As an Alp among morasses,
Glowing in a living sun !

Forward, forward, step by step !
Skyward rear thy lonely tower
Soon its threshold angels fill ;
Every sunbeam of the hour
Splendors broadcast there will spill !

Forward, forward, to the end !
And the nearer God thou'rt driven,
This thy earth still lesser grows ;
Busy Parcæ strong have striven,
This to utter in their throes.

Forward, forward, to the end !
Though sits death amid thy sorrow,
There is one to whom he seems
Like an angel from the morrow,
And with sunrise dress he gleams.

V.

SUNSET.

SPIRIT.

Appears Second Spirit.

A star for car,
A ray for road,
And up we sped,
Magically, magically !

Alights.

Here's the trysting place,
Of sweet rays so coy,
They their sandals lace
With no shades alloy ;

Southern bank o'ergrown
With the tufted flowers,
Where the South's o'erblown
Through the fragrant hours.

Lo, departing day,
On the brow of night,
Farewell kiss did lay
Token of his flight.

Now, methinks the time
For a mortal's dream;
'Mid the coming chime
Of yon stars that gleam.

Now's the time for love,
Quick-wrought destinies!
Deeds that glow above,
Swift-flown reveries.

Ay, and now's the hour,
For the spirit's toils,
Though the cloud may lower
Through her woven coils.

VI.

GABRIELLE.

Full many weary days
Had sunk away in night;
Long summer hours gave place,
To winter, whose slow flight
Was checked for first embrace
Of spring, benumbed with chills;
And Gabrielle, alone,
Her quivering spirit stills
And waits to welcome home
The wanderer, loved so long,
While pallid grew her cheek,
And thoughts and dreams were strong,
With fear as pride grew weak;
And in her heart, she said,
"Of God I'll ask to die,
The things I loved are dead
For summer's gone for aye,

The summer of the heart ;"
And like a deep refrain,
There flowed this anguished prayer
Athwart her weary brain.

"Oh send, my God, an angel here,
And let my heart be filled with light,
I wrestle now with doubt and fear,
My joys unmask in mocking blight.

I wait, but oh, my soul is pained,
For waiting wears the rock away,
And waiting bath the iron stained
With rust, the canker of decay ;

I wait, my God, for still I know,
Some angel Thou wilt send to me ;
The flowering summers come and go,
Thy promise stands through eternity."

All thought and dream and fear,
All daylights sickly brood,
That make the darkness drear,
In naked solitude,
Did shiver through her soul.
One eventide she stood
Alone while night upstole
The sky and lit her stars ;
Forgetful fancy sped,
On flying dream of night,
With sweet-eyed hope's swift tread,
Who poised above our sight,
Doth send through drifts of stars,
A guerdon song to all ;
When out from prison bars,
Her seeking soul did call
On Clarence, loved and lost ;
And none but angels heard
The cry sent up the sky,
And by its anguish stirred
Knew death would soon draw nigh,
As then she chanted slow,

"Cold, cold lie the ashes,
Deserted the homestead;
Wanderer, whither goest?
Wind in fury lashes,
 Wail, wail and moan;
 A broken purpose,
 Deserted homestead.

Dead, dead the household fire,
Frosts in autumn gathering;
Wanderer whither goest?
Hope on funeral pyre,
 Slow the flame is burning;
 An autumn leaf,
 A fallen star.

Dark, deep the river runs,
The sullen waves a-flowing;
Wanderer, whither goest?
Watching sad the suns,

Waiting heart is breaking ;
A poisoned soul,
A living death."

And now her heart its grief
To midnight and the stars
Gave utterance.

"Oh Clarence, why did'st flee
All love and hope for fame ?
Thou knowest that with thee
The soul of joy once came
And with the magic hand
Of love did grasp my soul,
And every fibre spanned,
As if I had madly breathed
A breath of angel-life,
And then a sudden gust
With wild and whirling strife

Encased my heart to rust,
Consuming in its sheath.
A sunbeam was thy love,
Woe, sorrow, aye ! e'en death
Seemed winged as from above ;
And life's distorted form,
Ennobled in an hour,
As if to rule a storm
With deity's own power ;
Full hopes from sleep awoke,
And flitting, shadowy dreams
Commingled forms were whirled,
Dissolving swift in streams
Adown the voiceless realms
Of slumber's silent hall
Revealing joy and light ;
Just as yon mass of clouds,
In flying fragments torn,
As if to shreds their shrouds
Were torn by lightning's stroke,
Reveals between the cleft,

As calm as beauty's soul,
The ether of darkness reft.
The varied fancies filled
Kaleidoscope with dreams
Arrayed anew by hope,
And straightway bade sweet love
Then look its heart-full of joy.
False, false to faith above
Thou wast, alas, to all
False, false, a perjured soul ;
Oh, how thy thoughts will gall
Thy soul in midnight's calm !
Remorse will sometime light
Eternal memory's torch,
That'll gnaw and shrivel and scorch
Sore heartstrings knit as thine
With sensitive nerves of truth.
Oh Clarence, was it love
Or passion of thy youth,
A myth that flits above,
A wind driven cloud that wheels
At every idle breeze ?
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Methinks the Hindoo feels,
Who, terror-stricken sees,
His awe-crowned god o'erthrown
By ruthless Christian's arm,
All shattered from its throne,
Within the solemn calm
Of dim pagoda aisle,
As I, when grief's mailed hand,
Out tore thy imaged love
From my worshipping heart.
And yet, I live ! Although
My life hath gathered gloom
And cold, as gathering slow
The snow falls o'er a tomb
O'ergrown with living grass,
Despair shall chill me not,
For mirror'd as in a glass
I see my future wrought
In heaven. I see it there,
'Tis death that gives me light—
There shining in mid-air,
My angel robed in white

Awaits my wearied soul,
Oh God, but grant me once—
My God, Clarence, Clarence,
Oh come, Clarence—

SPIRIT.

Second Spirit appears.

Gabrielle, Gabrielle!

Awake!

Sweet spirit, now I will break
The binding spells as they clasp
Thy mind in death's steelèd grasp.

Gabrielle, Gabrielle!

Arise,

Immortal, swift, swift arise
To splendors fair as thy soul,
Up yonder, there is thy goal!

Gabrielle, Gabrielle!

Arise!

A wing, that the wind outflies,
I bind on thy arms of snow;
Oh how thy eyes gleam and glow!

Gabrielle, Gabrielle !

Away,

Thou seest yon fine white ray,

Soar upward to thy parent star,

'Tis there the waiting angels are.

SPIRIT.

How strange to thus survey

This silent breathless clay !

I'll touch it, though I feel

Strange terrors o'er me steal ;

Yet I need fear no harm,

I ne'er did see thus calm

Nor angel, spirit, nor god ;

And still 'tis said our Lord

Did lay his body here

On earth and naught did fear ;

Ha, cold ! a chill doth run

Through me, my wings grow dark

With soil ! I'll haste where the soul

Hath sped, I fear the dead.

VII.

The summer morn has faintly fringed,
The lovely night's fair sapphire robe,
With threads of light, and deeply tinged
Their tips with gold, and filled each globe
Of dew with diamond's sparkling light ;
While yonder on a southern slope,
Doth lie a new-made grave all white
With thousand flowers that smile their hope ;
And there with sudden bursts of song,
Sweet spring is first to rest her wing ;
And May doth trail her flowers along
The crisped knoll, whose odors bring
The sunbeams down to snatch a kiss,
And give the tangled tendrils strength
To blossom, should they chance to miss
Their loving rays, when June at length,
Doth bring her shifting storms and showers.
'Twas there, like folded lily, lay
Fair Gabrielle, through night's slow hours,

And when arose the dawning day
It saw her hands were clasped in sleep;
The fairest life that God could give
Outwept its soul, for death could steep
To incense, tears, where angels live!
Alas, 'twas sweetest flower that earth
Had ever seen thus rudely broken,
Upon its stem: Another birth
In heaven, was 'mong the spirits spoken,
A soul had come that virtue wore
To conflicts known, and seraphs stood
In awe of lustrous crown it bore
Of essence born of the true and good.
But still on earth her body lies
Beneath the loving flowers of spring,
Where silence looks from sunny skies;
And there a kneeling form doth fling
Unwonted shadow o'er the turf;
Alas, how thy parched heart is wrung,
A sea without a wave or surf,
To briny sides despair hath clung
In stiffened death its numb'd hands;

Thou kneelest, Clarence, is it prayer
That quivers on thy lips, like sands
Of golden hope? Oh how wan care
Hath rasped thy pallid brow and face,
With furrows deeply cut and seamed,
And sorrow gave fierce want a place
Amid its vengeance, and there gleamed
Barbed iron, hooked, like vulture nails,
Upon its hand; alas, some souls,
So riven with sin's crushing wails,
And torturing remorse' live coals,
Had sent themselves far spinning down
To hell in black maelstrom of crime;
But now, where death has dropt her crown,
Thou kneelest, and the softened prayer,
In hallowed sanctity, doth fall
Upon the awed and silent air;
Hush, o'er him comes a quickened change,
And starting up, with flying pace
He flees that southern flope so still,
As if to him an haunted place,
And up the steep and rugged hill

He speeds with wind's swift-footed flight,
Up, up, till ev'ry step did draw
To utmost tension muscles tight,
The elastic sinews swollen grew,
And yet he planted firm and strong
His rapid feet ; and now he stands,
As spell-bound with emotion's throng,
Where earth had piled with craggy hands
Her highest cliff ; and then as changed,
He sudden wept, and scarce the tears
Had fell, when driving thoughts had ranged
Themselves again to wailing prayer ;
"Oh God, canst pity agony !
Then rive this murderer's soul from clay !
God, God !" he shrieked, "oh see,
Blood, clotted, foul, doth dully weigh,
On this black soul by Thy high will
Created, by that same swift power,
Unchain it !" Hist, how ghosts do fill
The peopled air, and there doth cower
The reel-eyed shade despair, and I
Must lay upon humanity's

Thong'd rack, while she with hellish cry
Doth gnaw these heart-strings piece by piece,
Oh God, God, have pity.

SPIRIT.

First Spirit appears.

Grasp the banner and the shield,
Onward to the living strife!
Wondrous armor thou dost wield,
Strength immortal charms thy life!

Grasp the gleaming, glancing spear,
Onward, through the thickening ranks!
Crime doth glower in their rear
There his subtle chains he clanks!

Clasp the shining, beaming truth;
Sister fates, by God's decree,
Struck thy bow'd head in youth,
Then from error thee to free!

Grasp the banner and the shield,
Onward, to the living strife !
Wondrous armor thou dost wield,
Strength immortal charms thy life !

VIII.

STUDIO—MIDNIGHT.

A sculptor stands with folded arm,
While gathering frowns as storms in night,
With mingled shades, o'erspread the calm
Of his high brow, as if his dreams,
Had shadows cast upon his face
In flickering and misty beams,
While thought its fellow-thought doth chase,
Through the anti-chamber of the brain ;
As faith, far-searching, glows within
His soul, his eyes glance rays of thought,
As stars between the clouds that thin.
He stands, as he who erst was doomed,
To quaff from cup that vengeance wrought,

Who stood while terrors round him loomed
Upon an Alpine cliff with worlds
To conquer 'neath his feet, and filled
His soul with fierce ambition's dreams.
Insensate marble lay uncarved,
Save where uptorn from quarry bed,
The rough-hewn edge by hewer cleft,
Gave fancied semblance to the head
Of monstrous Titan roughly scarred,
In form, more huge than Egypt's king;
Which statue centuries preserved,
Gave answer at the touch of sunlight's wing,
In music rare as fairy's song;
'Twould seem the arch-angel's touch,
Could scarce have power so wondrous strong,
To bring this massy rock to such
Fair beauty as would music charm;
But there the sculptor stood in thought,
Imagination, architect
In the brain, oft hath structures wrought
Where science long lies dreamless wrecked;
Hot impulse, with fine threads of fire,

Hath touched his soul with magic key,
Its nerves attuned grow as the lyre,
With sudden gleam his thoughts flow free,
"The marble soon shall speak my dream,"
He cried, and night and day of toil did flee,
To him like changing gleam.

IX.

Adown long galleries, where art
Had clothed her walls with pictured dreams,
Where wordless thoughts, astonished start
To see in colored lights and gleams,
Their imaged shapes in many forms,
An hasty throng has swept along,
As swiftly as a flying storm;
For fame had clanged her noisy gong,
And fashion came to prate and smirk,
And truer souls to wondering gaze
Where in an alcove stood the work

Of sculptor's hand in marbled life,
Recessed below the pillared maze,
Two groups, — in one a serpent lurked,
As coiled without apparent strife
Around lithe manhood's sinewed limb,
Who holds the serpent's head caressed,
And near, an angel stood by him
With upraised hand as to arrest
The fatal gaze of the serpent's eyes ;
And in the other, death had thrown
Its mantle o'er in half disguise
A maiden form, with flowers o'erstrewn,
While near, as in benumbed despair,
A youth stood wrecked in manhood's prime.
Oh, how swift beauty softly brings
The soul tranced upward, as akin
To heaven ! she, vision of God,
And dream of angels, doth so win
To ecstasy's sweet rare accord !
And here in the maiden's slender form,
She hath so touched the whitened block,
That lay through th' earth-quake and the storm

All still and vast, an hidden rock,
And curved the undulating line
Of every limb that now it seems,
Life petrified in a dreamless sleep ;
While the grief-distracted youth one deems,
Hath heart that will forever weep,
Inprisoned in the silent breast.
And this thy genius, born of grief,
Hath built. Oh Clarence, and with rasp
And chisel here's transfixed, as if
'Twas held in an eternal grasp,
Remembered passion's subtle face,
Insatiate sin and hot desires,
A death, and manhood's long despair.
And now, while sound the myriad lyres,
Of fame, and envying talent stares,
Another place, all hushed and calm,
Was sought by the sculptor of this dream ;
He kneels by the flowering southern bank,
Upon his brow in sudden gleam,
A ray of sunshine softly lay,
Like angel's hand that there did stay

In blessing, for his thoughts were sweet
With nameless joy, as though the chime
Of spirit's upward climbing feet
Had reached his ear, and love sublime,
With ringing hymn, in distant swell,
Bore pardoning song of Gabrielle.

MY MOTHER'S SMILE.

There is no joy in all the earth,
No dream of future's sunlit dome,
No thought nor hope, with crest of mirth,
Hath seemed as from immortal home
But this, my mother's smile.

Oh may our Father bless and guide
Thee, mother, through the shade of age,
And heaven open her gate so wide
Thou 'lt see thy name on the living page,
As I my mother's smile.

Borne onward to another life,
With anchor wrought in paradise,
And given by Christ in living strife,
I pass, while yet the other prize
I keep, my mother's smile.

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